



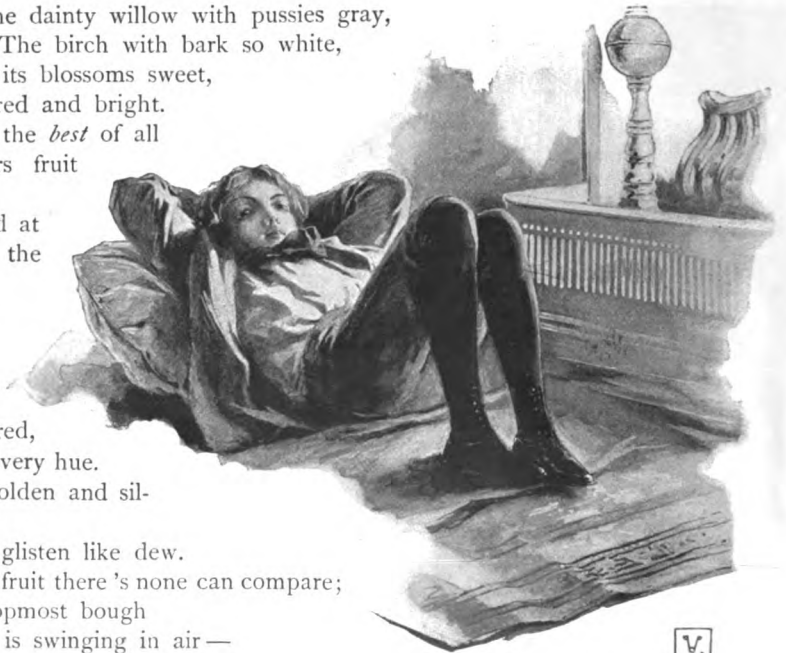
THE BEST TREE.

By JANET SANDERSON.

KARL lay on the floor by the
firelight bright
Thinking about the trees.
"I love them all," he said to himself,
As he named them over with ease;
"The chestnut, ash, and oak so high,
The pine with its needle leaves,
The spruce, and cedar, and hemlock green,
And the maple with its keys.

"The dainty willow with pussies gray,
The birch with bark so white,
The apple-tree with its blossoms sweet,
And the fruit so red and bright.
But the one I love the *best* of all
Blooms and bears fruit
together;
It is sure to be filled at
this time of the
year,
Whatever may be
the weather.

"Its blossoms are blue
and yellow and red,
All shining with silvery hue.
There are stems of golden and sil-
ver thread,
And candles that glisten like dew.
With such wonderful fruit there's none can compare;
From lowest to topmost bough
Every sort of a toy is swinging in air—
Jumping frogs, and cats that 'me-ow.'



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"There are trumpets, and balls, and dolls
 that talk,
 And drums, and whistles that blow,
 And guns, and whips, and horses that walk,
 And books; and wagons that go.
 There are musical tops, and boats that sail,
 And puzzles, and knives, and games;
 There are Noah's arks, and also a whale,
 And boxes, and ribbons, and reins.

"There 's candy and oranges, skates and sleds,
 And mugs for good little girls,
 And cradles, and clothes for dollies' beds,
 And dolls with hair in curls.

There are fans for girls and tools for
 boys,
 And handkerchiefs, rattles, and ties,
 And horns, and bells, and such-like toys,
 And tea-sets and candy pies.

"Oh! what a sight is this wonderful tree,
 With its gifts that sparkle and hide!
 Other trees may be good, but there's none
 for me

Like the beautiful merry Christmas tree
 With its branches spreading wide,—
 The merry, beautiful, sparkling tree
 That blossoms at Christmas-tide."